PR
3657
G4
1798

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 01542334 6

Presented to
The Library
of the
University of Toronto
by
Miss Hannah Baillie

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/gentleshepherdsc00ramsuoft

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A

SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY.

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A

SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY.

BY

ALLAN RAMSAY.

EMBELLISHED WITH

FIVE ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS,

DESIGNED FROM THE MOST

REMARKABLE SCENES IN THE PASTORAL.

The GENTLE SHEPHERD *sat beſides a Spring,*
All in the Shadow of a buſhy Brier,
That COLIN *hight, which well cou'd pipe and ſing,*
For he of TITYRUS *his Songs did lere.*

SPENCER, P. 1113.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY GEO. REID AND CO.
BAILLIE'S LAND, OPPOSITE MAGDALANE CHAPEL,
COWGATE.

1798.

4.10.57

PR
3657
G4
1798

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE merits of the GENTLE SHEPHERD, *as a Paſtoral Comedy, have been ſo long acknowledged, and its numerous beauties ſo amply pointed out by Men of the firſt genius and abilities in the Kingdom, that the Editors of the preſent Edition would feel themſelves liable to be taxed with unpardonable preſumption, were they to offer any obſervations on that ſubject.*

This much admired Paſtoral has gone through innumerable Editions, in a vaſt variety of forms. Since its firſt Publication by the Author himſelf, under the immediate Inſpection of the learned Critic and Antiquarian, Mr THOMAS RUDDIMAN, *it has been printed in almoſt all the ſhapes and ſizes known to Printers. Some Editions have made their appearance on Types and Paper ſo very bad, and ſo inaccurately printed, as to render it a matter of the greateſt difficulty to read them. On the other hand, two or three Editions have been publiſhed ſo far ſuperior to theſe in every reſpect, as to put it out of the power of any, but thoſe in affluent circumſtances, to avail themſelves of the pleaſure of poſſeſſing them.*

Several

Several Friends having hinted to the Editors, that a Copy of the GENTLE SHEPHERD, *between the two extremes of diminutive Meanneſs and gigantic Splendour, embelliſhed with ſuitable Engravings, would have a chance of gratifying the Public Taſte, they have adventured on the preſent Edition.*

It would ill become the Editors to take notice of the many inaccuracies, both in ſpelling and punctuation, which they have had occaſion to obſerve in ſome late Editions of this Work; which, however, in other reſpects, are not altogether without merit. But, they think it a duty they owe themſelves to mention, that they have been carefully attentive to avoid the errors which they have noticed in their cotemporaries; and this, they are perſuaded, could not more effectually be accompliſhed, than by implicitly following, as they have done, in every inſtance, the Copy publiſhed for the Author by Subſcription, as already mentioned, under the immediate inſpection of the learned Mr THOMAS RUDDIMAN. *A Copy of this Edition they had very much difficulty in procuring, as it is ſeldom to be met with, except in the Cabinets of the curious. The Gentleman, therefore, who was ſo obliging as to favour them with a loan of his Copy, will be pleaſed to accept of their beſt thanks.*

The

The Editors think it unneceſſary to ſay any thing as to the Execution of this Work. The Embelliſhments, the Form, the Size of Type, and the Paper, have been adopted from the hint thrown out by their Friends. The whole is before the Reader, and, they hope, will give ſatisfaction.

A

SPLENDID EDITION

OF THE

TRAGEDY

OF

DOUGLAS,

Royal Octavo,

EMBELLISHED WITH A HEAD OF THE AUTHOR,

And Five other Elegant Engravings,

DESIGNED FROM THE

MOST STRIKING PASSAGES IN THE PLAY,

May be had at the Printing-Office of GEO. REID & CO. *at the Subscription Price of Seven Shillings and Sixpence.*

Where also may be had,

THE WHOLE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

JOHN HOME, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES DUODECIMO.

CONSISTING OF

THE FOLLOWING TRAGEDIES,

Viz.

AGIS,	FATAL DISCOVERY,
DOUGLAS,	ALONZO,
SIEGE OF AQUILEIA,	ALFRED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SUSANNA,

COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a deſire to pleaſe the beſt, have ever encouraged the Poets to finiſh their deſigns with chearfulneſs. But, conſcious of their own inability to oppoſe a ſtorm of ſpleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious cuſtom amongſt them to chuſe ſome honourable ſhade.

Wherefore, I beg leave to put my Paſtoral under your Ladyſhip's protection. If my Patroneſs ſays the Shepherds ſpeak as they ought, and that there are ſeveral natural flowers that beautify the rural wild, I ſhall have good reaſon to think myſelf ſafe from the aukward cenſure of ſome pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am ſure of vaſt numbers that will crowd into your Ladyſhip's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their ſentiments with the Counteſs of EGLINTOUN, whoſe penetration, ſuperior wit, and ſound judgment, ſhines with an uncommon luſtre, while accompanied with all the diviner charms of goodneſs and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyſhip, here, Madam, I might give the fulleſt liberty to my muſe to delineate the fineſt of women, by drawing your Ladyſhip's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; ſince flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praiſes miſplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyſhip's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and preſents us with numberleſs great and good Patriots that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY: Be that the care of the herald and hiſtorian. It is perſonal merit, and the heavenly ſweetneſs of the fair, that inſpire the tuneful lays: Here every Leſbia muſt be excepted whoſe tongues give liberty to the ſlaves which their eyes had made captives; ſuch may be flattered: But your Ladyſhip juſtly claims our admiration and profoundeſt reſpect; for, whilſt you are poſſeſſed of every outward charm in the moſt perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wiſdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyſhip's mind, command devotion.

"All this is very true," cries a Sour-plum of better ſenſe than good nature, "but what occaſion have you to tell us the ſun ſhines, when we have the uſe of our eyes, and feel his influence?"—Very true; but I have the liberty to uſe the Poet's privilege, which is, "To ſpeak what every body thinks." Indeed, there might be ſome ſtrength in the reflection, if the Idalian regiſters were of as ſhort duration as life; but the bard who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praiſe-worthy pleaſure in communicating

ting to poſterity the fame of diſtinguiſhed characters.——I write this laſt ſentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: But if I ſhould prove ſo happy as to pleaſe your Ladyſhip in the following attempt, then all my doubts ſhall evaniſh like a morning vapour:—I ſhall hope to be claſſed with Taſſo and Guarini, and ſing with Ovid,

" If 'tis allow'd to Poets to divine,
" One half of round eternity is mine."

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient,
And moſt devoted ſervant,
ALLAN RAMSAY.

EDINBURGH,
June, 1725.

TO

THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

WITH THE

FOLLOWING PASTORAL.

ACCEPT, O Eglintoun! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy duteous Poet pays!
The muſe that oft' has rais'd her tuneful ſtrains,
A frequent gueſt to Scotia's bliſsful plains,
That oft' has ſung, her liſt'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty and the force of love,
Once more reſumes the ſtill ſucceſsful lay,
Delighted thro' the verdant meads to ſtray.
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with Her repair
To breathe the balmy ſweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the ſtream, or in the rural ſhade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'ſt, approve
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.

Inſtructed from theſe ſcenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breaſt that real love inſpires!
The fair ſhall read of ardours, ſighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence, too, what paſſions in his boſom riſe!
What dawning gladneſs ſparkles in his eyes!
When firſt the fair one, piteous of his fate,
Cur'd of her ſcorn, and vanquiſh'd of her hate,

With

With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
And bluſhing, beauteous ſmiles the kind conſent!
Love's paſſion here in each extreme is ſhewn,
In Charlotte's ſmile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like theſe, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age,
Pure and untaught, ſuch nature firſt inſpir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phraſe deſir'd.
His ſecret thoughts were undiſguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart:
He ſpeaks his love ſo artleſs and ſincere,
As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the Rural State beſtows
Conqueſt o'er life, and freedom from its woes:
Secure alike from Envy and from Care,
Nor rais'd by Hope, nor yet depreſs'd by Fear:
Nor Want's lean hand its happineſs conſtrains,
Nor Riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
No ſecret Guilt its ſtedfaſt peace deſtroys,
No wild Ambition interrupts its joys.
Bleſt ſtill to ſpend the hours that Heaven has lent
In humble goodneſs, and in calm content:
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinleſs and pure, in fair Humeia's ſoul.

But now the Rural State theſe joys has loſt:
Ev'n ſwains no more that innocence can boaſt:
Love ſpeaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now Happineſs forſakes her bleſt retreat,
The peaceful dwellings where ſhe fix'd her ſeat;
The pleaſing fields ſhe wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright ſober race.

When on the ſunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the ſons of men,
To crown the pleaſures of the blameleſs feaſt,
She uninvited came a welcome gueſt;
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts:
Then grudging hate, and ſinful pride ſucceed,
Cruel revenge, and falſe unrighteous deed;
Then dow'rleſs beauty loſt the power to move;
The ruſt of lucre ſtain'd the gold of love:
Bounteous no more, and hoſpitably good,
The genial hearth firſt bluſh'd with ſtranger's blood:
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And ſemblant falſehood puts on truth's diſguiſe:
The peaceful houſehold fill'd with dire alarms:
The raviſh'd virgin mourns her ſlighted charms:
The voice of impious mirth is heard around,
In guilt they feaſt, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpuniſh'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
And Happineſs forſakes the guilty ſwains.

Oh Happineſs! from human ſearch retir'd,
Where art thou to be found, by all deſir'd?
Nun, ſober and devout! why art thou fled,
To hide in ſhades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aſpect mild! ah! why, unkind,
Fly'ſt thou, diſpleas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our ſteps to find the ſecret cell,
Where, with thy ſire, Content, thou lov'ſt to dwell.
Or ſay, do'ſt thou, a duteous handmaid, wait
Familiar at the chambers of the great?
Do'ſt thou purſue the voice of them that call
To noiſy revel, and to midnight ball?

On the full banquet when we feaſt our ſoul,
Do'ſt thou inſpire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or, with th' induſtrious planter do'ſt thou talk,
Converſing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miſer e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and ſtudious of the treaſur'd gold?
Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
Still muſing ſilent at the morning hour?
May we thy preſence hope in war's alarms,
The Stateſman's wiſdom, or the Fair-one's charms?
In vain our flatt'ring hopes our ſteps beguile,
The flying good eludes the ſearcher's toil:
In vain we ſeek the city or the cell,
Alone with Virtue knows the Power to dwell:
Nor need mankind deſpair theſe joys to know,
The gift themſelves may on themſelves beſtow;
Soon, ſoon we might the precious bleſſing boaſt,
But many paſſions muſt the bleſſing coſt;
Infernal Malice, inly pining Hate,
And Envy, grieving at another's ſtate;
Revenge no more muſt in our hearts remain,
Or burning Luſt, or Avarice of gain.
When theſe are in the human boſom nurs'd,
Can Peace reſide in dwellings ſo accurs'd?
Unlike, O Eglintoun! thy happy breaſt,
Calm and ſerene enjoys the heavenly gueſt;
From the tumultuous rule of paſſions freed,
Pure in thy thought, and ſpotleſs in thy deed:
In virtues rich, in goodneſs unconfin'd,
Thou ſhin'ſt a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's fame,
How ſwift to praiſe, but how averſe to blame?

Bold

Bold in thy preſence baſhful Senſe appears,
And backward Merit loſes all its fears:
Supremely bleſt by Heaven, Heaven's richeſt grace,
Confeſs'd is thine an early blooming race;
Whoſe pleaſing ſmiles ſhall guardian Wiſdom arm,
Divine Inſtruction! taught of thee to charm:
What tranſports ſhall they to thy ſoul impart,
(The conſcious tranſports of a parent's heart)
When thou behold'ſt them of each grace poſſeſt,
And ſighing youths imploring to be bleſt!
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the viſit, or the dance to ſhine;
Thrice happy! who ſucceed their mother's praiſe,
The lovely Eglintouns of other days.

Meanwhile peruſe the following tender ſcenes,
And liſten to thy native Poet's ſtrains:
In ancient garb the home-bred muſe appears,
The garb our Muſes wore in former years:
As in a glaſs reflected, here behold
How ſmiling goodneſs look'd in days of old:
Nor bluſh to read where beauty's praiſe is ſhown,
And virtuous love, the likeneſs of thy own;
While, 'midſt the various gifts that gracious Heaven,
Bounteous to thee, with righteous hand has given,
Let this, O Eglintoun! delight thee moſt,
T' enjoy that Innocence the world has loſt.

W. H.

TO

JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq.

SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

WITH THE FIRST SCENE OF THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

THE nipping froſts, and driving ſna',
Are o'er the hills and far awa';
Bauld Boreas ſleeps, the Zephyrs bla',
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthful, gay, and bra',
Invites to ſing.

Then let's begin by creek of day,
Kind muſe ſkiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy ſpeed,
Since BURCHET awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again beneath ſome tree
Exert thy ſkill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has ſae courteouſly,
To weaker ſight,
Set theſe * rude ſonnets ſung by me
In trueſt light.

* *To weaker ſight, ſet theſe*, &c.] Having done me the honour of turning ſome of my paſtoral poems into Engliſh, juſtly and elegantly.

In trueſt light may a' that's fine
In his fair character ſtill ſhine,
Sma' need he has of ſangs like mine
To beet his name;
For frae the north to ſouthern line,
Wide gangs his fame.

His fame, which ever ſhall abide,
Whilſt hiſt'ries tell of tyrants pride,
Wha vainly ſtrave upon the tide
T' invade theſe lands
Where Britain's royal fleet doth ride,
Which ſtill commands.

Theſe doughty actions frae his pen *,
Our age, and theſe to come, ſhall ken,
How ſtubborn navies did contend
Upon the waves,
How free-born Britons faught like men,
Their faes like ſlaves.

Sae far inſcribing, Sir, to you,
This country ſang, my fancy flew,
Keen your juſt merit to purſue;
But ah! I fear,
In giving praiſes that are due,
I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r;
May powers aboon, with kindly care,
Grant

* *Frae his pen.*] His valuable Naval Hiſtory.

Grant you a lang and muckle ſkair
Of a' that's good,
Till unto langeſt life and mair
You've healthfu' ſtood.

May never care your bleſſings ſowr,
And may the muſes, ilka hour,
Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r;
I'm but a callan:
Yet may I pleaſe you, while I'm your
Devoted *Allan.*

THE PERSONS.

MEN.

Sir William Worthy.
Patie, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.
Roger, a rich young ſhepherd, in love with Jenny.
Symon, } two old ſhepherds, tenants to Sir William.
Glaud, }
Bauldy, a hynd engaged with Neps.

WOMEN.

Peggy, thought to be Glaud's niece.
Jenny, Glaud's only daughter.
Mause, an old woman, ſuppoſed to be a witch.
Elspa, Symon's wife.
Madge, Glaud's ſiſter.

SCENE—A Shepherd's Village, and Fields ſome few miles from Edinburgh.

Time of Action within twenty hours.

Firſt act begins at eight in the morning.
Second act begins at eleven in the forenoon.
Third act begins at four in the afternoon.
Fourth act begins at nine o'clock at night.
Fifth act begins by day light next morning.

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Beneath the ſouth-ſide of a craigy bield,
Where cryſtal ſprings the haleſome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' ſhepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and ſing.

PATIE *and* ROGER.

SANG I.—The wawking of the fauld.

PATIE Sings.

MY Peggy *is a young thing,*
Juſt enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and ſweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy *is a young thing,*
And I'm not very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy *ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,*
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae mair to lay my care,
I wiſh nae mair of a' that's rare.

My

My Peggy *ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,*
To a' the lave I'm cauld:
But ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy *ſmiles ſae kindly,*
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy *ſmiles ſae kindly,*
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me ſic delight
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy *ſings ſae ſaftly,*
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt it is confeſt,
By a' the reſt that ſhe ſings beſt.
My Peggy *ſings ſae ſaftly,*
And in her ſangs are tauld,
Wi' innocence, the wale of ſenſe,
At wawking of the fauld.

PATIE.

THIS ſunny morning, Roger, chears my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How heartſome 'tis to ſee the riſing plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleaſing rants;
How haleſome 'tis to ſnuff the cauler air,
And all the ſweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cauſe of thy ill-ſeaſon'd pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie! to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to ſtrive with hardſhips ſad and great.

Tempeſt

Tempeſt may ceaſe to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins blood;
But I, oppreſt with never ending grief,
Maun ay deſpair of lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees ſhall loath the flower, and quit the hive,
The ſaughs on boggie-ground ſhall ceaſe to thrive,
Ere ſcornful queans, or loſs of warldly gear,
Shall ſpill my reſt, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I ſay; but 'tis no eaſy done
By ane whaſe ſaul is ſadly out of tune.
You have ſae ſaft a voice, and ſlid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a ſang, or ſpeak,
They dit their lugs, ſyne up their leglens cleek;
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a laſs's eye.
For ilka ſheep ye have I'll number ten,
And ſhould, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what ſignifies your gear?
A mind that's ſcrimpit never wants ſome care.

Rog. My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were ſmoor'd,
Three elf-ſhot were, yet I theſe ills endur'd:
In winter laſt, my cares were very ſma',
Tho' ſcores of wathers periſh'd in the ſnaw.

Pat. Were your bein rooms as thinly ſtock'd as mine,
Leſs you wad loſe, and leſs you wad repine.

He

He that has juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep;
The o'ercome only faſhes fowk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a croſs,
That thou may'ſt thole the pangs of mony a loſs:
O may'ſt thou doat on ſome fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drouth to quench:
'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Pat. Sax good fat lambs I ſauld them ilka clute
At the Weſt Port, and bought a winſome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round;
A dainty whiſtle, wi' a pleaſant ſound:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you with all your caſh, ye dowie fool!

Rog. Na! Patie, na! I'm nae ſic churliſh beaſt,
Some other thing lyes heavier at my breaſt:
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my fleſh a' creep yet with the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how ſilly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your ſecrets kens;
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well ſeen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Take courage, Roger, me your ſorrows tell,
And ſafely think nane kens them but your ſell.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye have gueſs'd o'er true,
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you:
Me dorty Jenny looks upon a-ſquint;
To ſpeak but till her I dare hardly mint:
In ilka place ſhe jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unko blate;
But yeſterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a ſhelly-coated kow,

She

PAT. Yonder's a Craig fince ye have tint all Hope,
Gae till't your ways, and take the Lover's Lowp.

Published as the Act directs by Geo. Reid & Co. Printers Edin.

She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car;
But gecks at me, and ſays I ſmell of tar.
Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat;
He ſighs for Neps—ſae that may ſtand for that.
Rog. I wiſh I cou'dna loo her—but in vain,
I ſtill maun doat, and thole her proud diſdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
Even while he fawn'd, ſhe ſtrak the poor dumb tyke:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breaſt,
She wad have ſhawn mair kindneſs to my beaſt.
When I begin to tune my ſtock and horn,
With a' her face ſhe ſhaws a caulrife ſcorn.
Laſt night I play'd, ye never heard ſic ſpite,
O'er Bogie was the ſpring, and her delyte;
Yet tauntingly ſhe at her couſin ſpeer'd,
Gif ſhe could tell what tune I play'd, and ſneer'd.
Flocks, wander where you like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whiſtle mair.
Pat. E'en do ſae, Roger, wha can help miſluck.
Saebeins ſhe be ſic a thrawn-gabbit chuck?
Yonder's a craig, ſince ye have tint all hope,
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.
Rog. I needna mak' ſic ſpeed my blood to ſpill,
I'll warrant death come ſoon enough a-will.
Pat. Daft gowk! leave off that ſilly whindging way;
Seem careleſs, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I ſerv'd my laſs I love as well
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel:
Laſt morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dike I lean'd glowring about,
I ſaw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;
I ſaw my Meg, but Meggy ſaw na me:

For yet the ſun was wading thro' the miſt,
And ſhe was cloſs upon me ere ſhe wiſt;
Her coats were kilt it, and did ſweetly ſhaw
Her ſtraight bare legs that whiter were than ſnaw;
Her cockernony ſnooded up fou fleck,
Her haſſet-locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks ſae ruddy, and her een ſae clear;
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat ſhe was, in buſtine waſte-coat clean,
As ſhe came ſkiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blythſome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're ſae ſoon aſteer;
But I can gueſs, ye're gawn to gather dew:
She ſcour'd awa, and ſaid, *What's that to you?*
Then fare ye well, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,
I careleſs cry'd, and lap in o'er the dike.
I trow, when that ſhe ſaw, within a crack,
She came with a right thievleſs errand back;
Miſca'd me firſt,——then bade me hound my dog
To wear up three waff ews ſtray'd on the bog.
I leugh, and ſae did ſhe; then with great haſte
I claſp'd my arms about her neck and waſte,
About her yielding waſte, and took a fouth
Of ſweeteſt kiſſes frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and faſt I held her in my grips,
My very ſaul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, ſair ſhe flet wi' me 'tween ilka ſmack;
But well I kent ſhe meant nae as ſhe ſpake.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye ſae too, and never faſh your thumb.
Seem to forſake her, ſoon ſhe'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and ſhe'll gang clean wood.

SANG

SANG II.—*Tune*, Fy gae rub her o'er with ſtrae.

Dear Roger, *if your* Jenny *geck*,
And anſwer kindneſs with a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight ;
But them deſpiſe who're ſoon defeat,
And with a ſimple face give way
To a repulſe ;—then be not blate,
Puſh boldly on, and win the day.
When maidens, innocently young,
Say often what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een ;
If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt
To anſwer all your love with hate,
Seek elſewhere to be better bleſt,
And let her ſigh when 'tis too late.

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honeſt heart,
Ye're ay ſae cadgy, and have ſic an art
To hearten ane : For now as clean's a leek,
Ye've cheriſh'd me ſince ye began to ſpeak.
Sae for your pains, I'll make you a propine,
My mother, (reſt her ſaul) ſhe made it fine,
A tartan plaid, ſpun of good hawflock woo,
Scarlet and green the ſets, the borders blew :
With ſprainges like gowd and ſiller, croſs'd with black ;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Well are ye wordy o't, wha have ſae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.
Pat. Well, hald ye there ;—and ſince ye've frankly
A preſent to me of your braw new plaid, [made

My flute's be your's, and ſhe too that's ſae nice
Shall come a will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Rog. As ye adviſe, I'll promiſe to obſerv't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye beſt deſerv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny ſpring;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and ſing.

Pat. But firſt we'll take a turn up to the height,
And ſee gif all our flocks be feeding right.
Be that time bannocks, and a ſhave of cheeſe,
Will make a breakfaſt that a laird might pleaſe;
Might pleaſe the daintieſt gabs, were they ſae wiſe,
To ſeaſon meat with health inſtead of ſpice.
When we have tane the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whiſtle fine, and ſing t'ye like my ſell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
Where laſſes uſe to waſh and ſpread their claiths,
A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel peebles, ſhining, ſmooth and round;
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
Firſt pleaſe your eye, next gratify your ear,
While Jenny what ſhe wiſhes diſcommends,
And Meg with better ſenſe true love defends.

PEGGY *and* JENNY.

Jenny.

COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
The ſhining day will bleech our linen clean;
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blew,
Will make them like a lilly wet with dew.

Peg.

Peg. Go farer up the burn to Habby's How,
Where a' the ſweets of ſpring and ſummer grow;
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin
The water fa's, and makes a ſingand din;
A pool breaſt-deep beneath, as clear as glaſs,
Kiſſes with eaſy whirles the bordring graſs:
We'll end our waſhing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There waſh our ſells—'tis healthfu' now in May,
And ſweetly cauler on ſae warm a day.

Jen. Daft laſſie, when we're naked, what'll ye ſay,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And ſee us ſae? that jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting ſay, Haith, laſſes, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out of ſight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height:
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane)
What gars ye plague your wooer with diſdain?
The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loos you, yet ye carna by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the beſt day e'er ye ſaw.

Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair ſheepiſh yet I never kend.
He kaims his hair indeed, and gaes right ſnug,
With ribbon-knots at his blew bonnet lug;
Whilk penſily he wears a thought a-jee,
And ſpreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
He ſalds his owrlay down his breaſt with care;
And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair.
For a' that, he can neither ſing nor ſay,
Except, *How d'ye*—or, *There's a bonny day.*

Peg.

Peg. Ye daſh the lad with conſtant ſlighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco ſair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grows cauld.
What like's a dorty maiden when ſhe's auld?
Like dawted we'an, that tarrows at its meat,
That for ſome feckleſs whim will orp and greet.
The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's paſt,
And ſyne the fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or ſcart anither's leavings at the laſt.
Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna ſit your time.

SANG III.—*Tune*, Polwart on the Green.

The dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld,
And nane her ſmiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave.

They jeſt it till the dinner's paſt;
Thus by itſelf abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

Jen. I never thought a ſingle life a crime.
Peg. Nor I—but love in whiſpers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.
Jen. If Roger is my jo, he kens himſell;
For ſic a tale I never heard him tell.

He

He glowrs and ſighs, and I can gueſs the cauſe,
But wha's oblig'd to ſpell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'ſe tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that ſlav'ry like, and may be free:
The cheils may a' knit up themſelves for me.

Peg. Be doing your ways; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh! laſs, how can you loo that rattle-ſkull,
A very deel that ay maun hae his will?
We'll ſoon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead, ſae ſoon's ye're man and wife.

Peg. I'll rin the riſk; nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langſome day a year,
Till I with pleaſure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breaſt I'll lean my head.
There we may kiſs as lang as kiſſing's good,
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his will: Why no? 'Tis good my part
To give him that; and he'll give me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o' ye, with an unco fraiſe;
And daut ye baith afore fowk and your lane:
But ſoon as his newfangleneſs is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-ſtake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your ſake.
Inſtead then of lang days of ſweet delite,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neiſt he'll flite:
And may be, in his barlikhoods, ne'er ſtick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG

SANG IV.—*Tune*, O dear mother, what ſhall I do?

O dear Peggy, *love's beguiling,*
We ought not to truſt his ſmiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Leſt a harder luck betyde you.
Laſſes, when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd:
Running to a life deſtroys
Heartſome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peg. Sic coarſe-ſpun thoughts as thae want pith to move
My ſettl'd mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath;
But want of him I dread nae other ſkaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has ſic a ſmile, or ſic twa glancing een.
And then he ſpeaks with ſic a taking art,
His words they thirle like muſic thro' my heart.
How blythly can he ſport, and gently rave,
And jeſt at feckleſs fears that fright the lave?
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle ſkill.
He is—but what need I ſay that or this?
I'd ſpend a month to tell ye what he is!
In a' he ſays or does, there's ſic a gait,
The reſt ſeem coofs compar'd with my dear Pate.
His better ſenſe will lang his love ſecure:
Ill-nature heffs in ſauls are weak and poor.

SANG

SANG V.—*Tune*, How can I be ſad on my wedding-day?

How ſhall I be ſad, when a huſband I hae,
That has better ſenſe than ony of thae
Sour weak ſilly fellows, that ſtudy like fools,
To ſink their ain joy, and make their wives ſnools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages ſtrife;
He praiſes her virtue, and ne'er will abuſe
Her for a ſmall failing, but find an excuſe.

Jen. Hey! bonny laſs of Brankſome, or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a fang.
O! 'tis a pleaſant thing to be a bride;
Syne whindging getts about your ingle-ſide,
Yelping for this or that with laſheous din,
To mak them brats then ye maun toil and ſpin.
Ae we'an fa's ſick, ane ſcads it ſell wi' broe,
Ane breaks his ſhin, anither tynes his ſhoe;
The Deel gaes o'er John Wobſter, hame grows hell,
When Pate miſca's ye war than tongue can tell.

Peg. Yes, 'tis a heartſome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young ſprouts are rife.
Gif I'm ſae happy, I ſhall have delight,
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleaſure be,
Than ſee ſic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at—their greateſt wiſh,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiſs?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night,
The like of them, when love makes care delight?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warſt of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance ſhould beggary draw:
But little love, or canty chear can come,
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die—the ſpate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay.—
The thick-blawn wreaths of ſnaw, or blaſhy thows,
May ſmoor your wathers, and may rot your ews.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo and cheeſe,
But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees.
With glooman brow the laird ſeeks in his rent:
'Tis no to gi'e; your merchant's to the bent;
His Honour mauna want, he poinds your gear:
Syne, driven frae houſe and hald, where will ye ſteer?
Dear Meg, be wiſe, and live a ſingle life;
Troth 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May ſic ill luck befa' that ſilly ſhe,
Wha has ſic fears; for that was never me.
Let fowk bode well, and ſtrive to do their beſt;
Nae mair's requir'd, let Heaven make out the reſt.
I've heard my honeſt uncle aften ſay,
That lads ſhould a' for wives that's vertuous pray:
For the maiſt thrifty man could never get
A well ſtor'd room, unleſs his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht ſhall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raiſe my Shepherd's heart.
What e'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue, at market, tron, or fair,
For haleſome, clean, cheap and ſufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheeſe, butter, and ſome woo,
Shall firſt be ſauld, to pay the laird his due;

Syne

Syne a' behind's our ain.——Thus, without fear,
With love and rowth we thro' the warld will ſteer:
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bleſs the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if ſome young giglit on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his haff-worn Meg,
And her kend kiſſes, hardly worth a feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that;—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's ſome men conſtanter in love than we:
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has bleſt them with ſolidity of mind.
They'll reaſon calmly, and with kindneſs ſmile,
When our ſhort paſſions wad our peace beguile.
Sae, whenſoe'er they flight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane the wives are maiſt to blame.
Then I'll employ with pleaſure a' my art
To keep him chearfu', and ſecure his heart.
At even, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his will.
In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-ſtane.
And ſoon as he flings by his plaid and ſtaff,
The ſeething pot's be ready to take aff.
Clean hagabag I'll ſpread upon his board,
And ſerve him with the beſt we can afford.
Good humour and white bigonets ſhall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A diſh of married love right ſoon grows cauld,
And doſens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld togither, and ne'er find
The loſs of youth, when love grows on the mind.

Bairns, and their bairns, make ſure a firmer ty,
Than ought in love the like of us can ſpy.
See you twa elms that grow up ſide by ſide,
Suppoſe them, ſome years ſyne, bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've preſt,
'Till wide their ſpreading branches are increaſt,
And in their mixture now are fully bleſt.
This ſhields the other frae the eaſtlin blaſt,
That in return defends it frae the weſt.
Sic as ſtand ſingle,—a ſtate ſae lik'd by you!
Beneath ilk ſtorm, frae every airth, maun bow.

Jen. I've done,—I yield, dear laſſie, I maun yield,
Your better ſenſe has fairly won the field,
With the aſſiſtance of a little fae
Lyes darn'd within my breaſt this mony a day.

SANG VI.—*Tune*, Nanſy's to the green-wood gane.

I yield, dear laſſie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That ſure as light flows frae the ſun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or ſay
'Gainſt love, nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our boſoms lodge the fae
That by the heartſtrings leads us.

Peg. Alake! poor priſoner! Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
Haſte, let him out, we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Anither time's as good,—for ſee the ſun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun

To

To freath the graith;—if canker'd Madge our aunt
Come up the burn, ſhe'll gie's a wicked rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell you a' my mind;
For this ſeems true,—nae laſs can be unkind. [*Exeunt.*

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

A ſnug thack houſe, before the door a green;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are ſeen.
On this ſide ſtands a barn, on that a byar;
A peat ſtack joins, and forms a rural ſquare.
The houſe is Glaud's;—There you may ſee him lean,
And to his divot-ſeat invite his frien'.

GLAUD *and* SYMON.

Glaud.

GOOD-morrow, nibour Symon,—come ſit down,
And gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And ſald your Crummock and her baſſend quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Sym. With a' my heart;--and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy.
I cou'dna reſt till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken ſic a turn,

Will

Will gar our vile oppreſſors ſtand like ſtaes,
And ſkulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Glaud. Fy, blaw! Ah! Symie, ratling chiels ne'er ſtand
To cleck and ſpread the groſſeſt lies aff hand,
Whilk ſoon flies round like will-fire far and near:
But looſe your poke, be't true or fauſe, let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have ſeen
Hab, that abroad has with our Maſter been;
Our brave good Maſter, wha right wiſely fled,
And left a fair eſtate, to ſave his head:
Becauſe ye ken fou well he bravely choſe
To ſtand his liege's friend with great Montroſe.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rumple a right ſlee begunk,
Reſtor'd King Charles, and ilka thing's in tune:
And Habby ſays, we'll ſee Sir William ſoon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed;—but dinna flaw:
Tell o'er your news again! and ſwear till't a';
And ſaw ye Hab! and what did Halbert ſay?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame,
And his eſtate, ſay, can he eithly claim?

Sym. They that hag-raid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again;
And good Sir William ſall enjoy his ain.

SANG VII.—*Tune*, Cauld kail in Aberdeen.

Cauld be the rebels caſt,
Oppreſſors baſe and bloody,
I hope we'll ſee them at the laſt
Strung a' up in a woody.

Bleſt

Bleſt be he of worth and ſenſe,
And ever high his ſtation,
That bravely ſtands in the defence
Of conſcience, king and nation.

Glaud. And may he lang; for never did he ſtent
Us in our thriving, with a racket rent:
Nor grumbl'd, if ane grew rich; or ſhor'd to raiſe
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday's claiths.
Sym. Nor wad he lang, with ſenſeleſs faucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.
" Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak a ſeat.—
How's all at hame?—How's Elſpa? How does Kate?
How ſells black cattle?—What gi'es woo this year?"—
And ſic like kindly queſtions wad he ſpeer.

SANG VIII.—*Tune*, Mucking of Geordy's byar.

The laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, ſhould be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants who labour
To riſe aboon poverty:
Elſe like the pack-horſe that's unfother'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardſhip is ſmother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his Butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glaſſes clean,
Whilk in our breaſt rais'd ſic a blythſome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd! Dear nibour, will ye ſtay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day?

We'll

We'll ſend for Elſpath too—and upo' ſight,
I'll whiſtle Pate and Roger frae the height:
I'll yoke my ſled, and ſend to the neiſt town,
And bring a draught of ale baith ſtout and brown,
And gar our cottars a', man, wife and we'an,
Drink till they tine the gate to ſtand their lane.

Sym. I wad na bauk my friend his blyth deſign,
Gif that it hadna firſt of a' been mine:
For heer-yeſtreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yeſtreen I ſlew twa wathers prime and fat;
A firlot of good cakes my Elſpa beuk,
And a large ham hings reeſting in the nook:
I ſaw my ſell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pot that ſcads the whey put on,
A mutton-bouk to boil:—And ane we'll roaſt;
And on the haggies Elſpa ſpares nae coſt;
Sma' are they ſhorn, and ſhe can mix fu' nice
The guſty ingans with a curn of ſpice:
Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet well ſung.
And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To paſs this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our Maſter's health and welcome-hame.
Ye mauna then refuſe to join the reſt,
Since ye're my neareſt friend that I like beſt.
Bring wi'ye a' your family, and then,
When e'er you pleaſe, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'r ſell, auld-birky, never fear
But at your banquet I ſhall firſt appear.
Faith we ſhall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
Auld, ſaid I!—troth I'm younger be a ſcore,
With your good news, than what I was before.

I'll

I'll dance or e'en! Hey! Madge, come forth: D'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

Mad. The man's gane gyte! Dear Symon, welcome here.
What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haſte and din?
Ye never let a body ſit to ſpin.

Glaud. Spin! ſnuff—Gae break your wheel, and burn your tow,
And ſet the meikleſt peat-ſtack in a low.
Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll ſoon Sir William ſee.

Mad. Blyth news indeed! And wha was tald you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's coat;
Wale out the whiteſt of my bobbit bands,
My white-ſkin hoſe, and mittons for my hands;
Then frae their waſhing cry the bairns in haſte,
And make your ſells as trig, head, feet, and waſte,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.

Sym. Do, honeſt Madge:—And, Glaud, I'll o'er the gate,
And ſee that a' be done as I wad hae't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

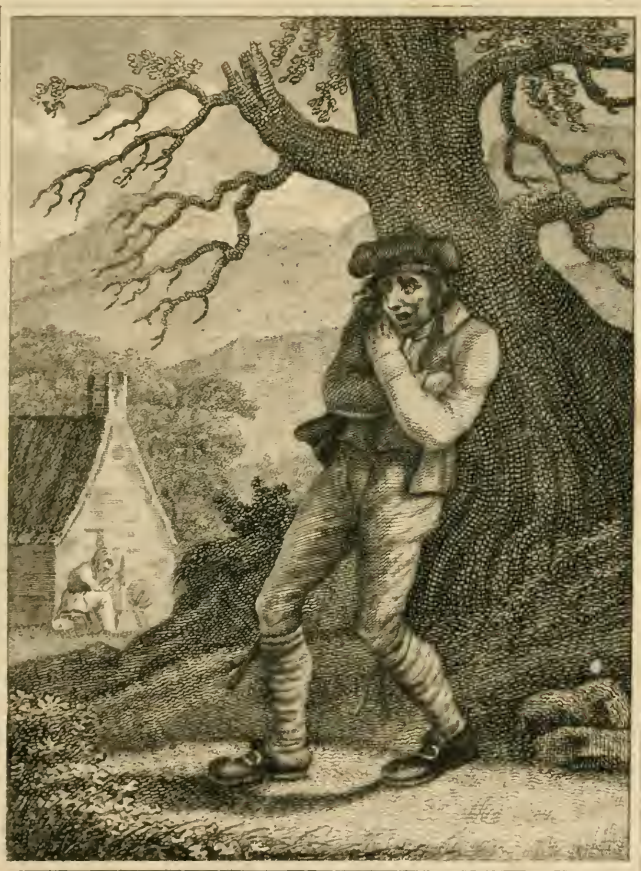
PROLOGUE.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife ſpinning at the ſunny end.—
At a ſmall diſtance, by a blaſted tree,
With falded arms, and haff rais'd look, ye ſee

BAULDY *his lane.*

WHAT'S this!—I canna bear't! 'tis war than hell,
To be ſae burnt with love, yet darna tell!
O Peggy, ſweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that friſk out o'er the knows;
Straighter than ought that in the foreſt grows:
Her een the cleareſt blob of dew outſhines;
The lilly in her breaſt its beauty tines.
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be ſhortly ſeen!
For Pate loes her,—waes me! and ſhe loes Pate;
And I with Neps, by ſome unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow:—O but ane be a beaſt
That makes raſh aiths till he's afore the prieſt!
I dare na ſpeak my mind, elſe a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
'Tis ſair to thole;—I'll try ſome witchcraft art,
To break with ane, and win the other's heart.
Here Mauſy lives, a witch, that for ſma' price
Can caſt her cantraips, and give me advice.
She can o'ercaſt the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards ſhe raves,
And howks unchriſten'd wean out of their graves;

Boils



BAULD. What's this! I canna bear't; 'tis war than HeE,
To be fae burnt with Love, yet darna tell!

Published as the Act directs by Geo: Reid & Co. Printers Edin.
18th Nov. 1794.

Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
Rins witherſhins about the hemlock low;
And ſeven times does her prayers backward pray,
Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt with the venom of black taids and ſnakes;
Of this unſonſy pictures aft ſhe makes
Of ony ane ſhe hates—and gars expire
With ſlaw and racking pains afore a fire;
Stuck fu' of prins, the deviliſh pictures melt,
The pain, by fowk they repreſent, is felt.
And yonder's Mauſe: Ay, ay, ſhe kens fu' well,
When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
She and her cat ſit beeking in her yard,
To ſpeak my errand, faith amaiſt I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, tho' I ſhould never thrive;
They gallop faſt that deils and laſſes drive. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

A green kail-yard, a little fount,
Where water popilan ſprings;
There ſits a wife with wrinkle-front,
And yet ſhe ſpins and ſings.

SANG IX.—*Tune*, Carle an the King come.

MAUSE ſings.

PEGGY, *now the King's come*,
Peggy, *now the King's come*;
Thou may dance, and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, *ſince the King's come*.

Nae mair the hawkies ſhalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for ſilk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, *ſince the King's come.*

Enter BAULDY.

Baul. How does auld honeſt lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fere at threeſcore ten.

Mauſe. E'en twining out a threed with little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the ſun.
What brings my bairn this gate ſae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to threſh nae corn?

Baul. Enough of baith:----But ſomething that requires
Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.

Mauſe. My helping hand, alake! what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Baul. Ay, but ye're wife, and wiſer far than we,
Or maiſt part of the pariſh tells a lie.

Mauſe. Of what kind wiſdom think ye I'm poſſeſt,
That lifts my character aboon the reſt?

Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're ſae wiſe and fell,
Ye'll may be take it ill gif I ſhould tell.

Mauſe. What fowk ſays of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep nathing up, ye nathing have to fear.

Baul. Well, ſince ye bid me, I ſhall tell ye a',
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw.
When laſt the wind made Glaud a rooflefs barn;
When laſt the burn bore down my Mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-ſhot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirn'd, and there nae butter came;

When

When Beſſy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked we'an
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'd na ſtand its lane;
When Watie wander'd ae night thro' the ſhaw,
And tint himſell amaiſt amang the ſnaw;
When Mungo's mear ſtood ſtill, and ſwat with fright,
When he brought eaſt the Howdy under night;
When Bawſy ſhot to dead upon the green,
And Sara tint a ſnood was nae mair ſeen:
You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And ilka ane here dreads you round about.
And ſae they may that mint to do ye ſkaith;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;
But when I neiſt make grots, I'll ſtrive to pleaſe
You with a firlot of them mixt with peaſe.

Mauſe. I thank ye, lad;—now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then, I like Peggy,—Neps is fond of me;—
Peggy likes Pate,—and Patie's bauld and ſlee,
And loes ſweet Meg.—But Neps I downa ſee.—
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and than
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happieſt man.

Mauſe. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right;
Sae gang your ways, and come again at night:
'Gainſt that time I'll ſome ſimple things prepare,
Worth all your peaſe and grots; tak ye nae care.

Baul. Well, Mauſe, I'll come, gif I the road can find:
But if ye raiſe the deil, he'll raiſe the wind;
Syne rain and thunder may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the night ſae rough, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feaſt,
O! will ye come like badrans, for a jeſt;

And

And there ye can our different haviours ſpy:
There's nane ſhall ken o't there but you and I.

Mauſe. 'Tis like I may,—but let na on what's paſt
'Tween you and me, elſe fear a kittle caſt.

Baul. If I ought of your ſecrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[*Exit* BAULDY.

MAUSE *her lane.*

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of faſhion, and a lanely beild,
With a ſma' caſt of wiles, ſhould in a twitch,
Gi'e ane the hatefu' name a wrinkled Witch.
This fool imagines, as do mony ſic,
That I'm a wretch in compact with Auld Nick;
Becauſe by education I was taught
To ſpeak and act aboon their common thought.
Their groſs miſtake ſhall quickly now appear;
Soon ſhall they ken what brought, what keeps me here;
Nane kens but me,—and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' ſing dumb.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a tree, upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet;
In love, without a vicious ſtain,
The bonny laſs and chearfu' ſwain
Change vows and kiſſes ſweet.

PATIE *and* PEGGY.

Peggy.

O PATIE, let me gang, I mauna ſtay,
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny ſhe's away,

Pat. I'm laith to part ſae ſoon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa with Jenny gane:
They're as content, for ought I hear or ſee,
To be alane themſells, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroſes thickeſt paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark how the lavrocks chant aboon our heads,
How ſaft the weſtlin winds ſough thro' the reeds.

Peg. The ſcented meadows,—birds,—and healthy breeze,
For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy pleaſe.

Pat. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
In ſpeaking ſae, ye ca' me dull and blind,
Gif I cou'd fancy ought's ſae ſweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is ſweeter than the ſweeteſt brier,
Thy cheek and breaſt the fineſt flowers appear.
Thy words excel the maiſt delightfu' notes,
That warble thro' the merl or mavis' throats.

With

With thee I tent nae flowers that buſk the field,
Or ripeſt berries that our mountains yield.
The ſweeteſt fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiſs of thee.

Peg. But Patrick, for ſome wicked end, may fleech,
And lambs ſhould tremble when the foxes preach.
I dare na ſtay—ye joker, let me gang,
Anither laſs may gar ye change your ſang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Pat. Sooner a mother ſhall her fondneſs drap,
And wrang the bairn ſits ſmiling on her lap;
The ſun ſhall change, the moon to change ſhall ceaſe,
The gaits to clim,—the ſheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either ſaid or done,
Shall ſkaith our love; I ſwear by all aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith:—But mony lads will ſwear,
And be manſworn to twa in haff a year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder well;
But if a fairer face your heart ſhou'd ſteal,
Your Meg forſaken, bootleſs might relate,
How ſhe was dauted anes by faithleſs Pate.

Pat. I'm ſure I canna change, ye needna fear;
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year.
I mind it well, when thou coud'ſt hardly gang,
Or liſp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the Tanſy-know or Raſhy-ſtrand.
Thou ſmiling by my ſide,—I took delite,
To pou the raſhes green, with roots ſae white,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flowry belt and ſnood.

Peg.

Peg. When firſt thou gade with ſhepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews firſt try'd my ſkill;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the muir and riſing fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didſt wreſtle, run, or putt the ſtane,
And wan the day, my heart was ſlightering fain:
At all theſe ſports thou ſtill gave joy to me;
For nane can wreſtle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. Jenny ſings ſaft the *Broom of Cowden-knows*,
And Roſie lilts the *Milking of the Ews;*
There's nane like Nanſie, *Jenny Nettles* ſings;
At turns in *Maggy Lauder* Marion dings:
But when my Peggy ſings, with ſweeter ſkill,
The *Boat-man*, or the *Laſs of Patie's Mill;*
It is a thouſand times mair ſweet to me:
Tho' they ſing well, they canna ſing like thee.

Peg. How eith can laſſes trow what they deſire!
And roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire:
But wha loves beſt, let time and carriage try;
Be conſtant, and my love ſhall time defy.
Be ſtill as now, and a' my care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſant is for thee.

The foregoing, with a ſmall variation, was ſung at the acting, as follows.

SANG X.—*Tune*, The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

PEGGY.

When firſt my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking firſt ſey'd my young ſkill,
To bear the milk-bowie, nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on muirland and ſweet riſing fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wreſtled, or putted the ſtane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain;
Thy ilka ſport manly gave pleaſure to me;
For nane can putt, wreſtle, or run ſwift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny *ſings ſaftly the* Cowden Broom-knows,
And Roſie *lilts ſweetly the* Milking the Ews;
There's few Jenny Nettles *like* Nanſie *can ſing;*
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Beſs *gars our lugs ring:*
But when my dear Peggy *ſings with better ſkill,*
The Boat-man, Tweed-ſide, *or the* Laſs of the Mill,
'Tis many times ſweeter and pleaſing to me;
For tho' they ſing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

How eaſy can laſſes trow what they deſire?
And praiſes ſae kindly encreaſes love's fire;
Give me ſtill this pleaſure, my ſtudy ſhall be
To make myſelf better and ſweeter for thee.

Pat. Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave;
At nought they'll ferly;—ſenſeleſs tales believe;
Be blyth for ſilly heghts, for trifles grieve:
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how,
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
But thou, in better ſenſe, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excells them a',
Continue kind; and a' my care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed;—but harken, yon's auld aunty's cry;
I ken they'll wonder what can make us ſtay.

Pat. And let them ferly.—Now, a kindly kiſs,
Or five ſcore good anes wad not be amiſs;
And ſyne we'll ſing the ſang with tunefu' glee,
That I made up laſt owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing firſt, ſyne claim your hire.—

Pat.——————————Well, I agree.

SANG XI.—To its own Tune.

PATIE.

By the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth,
And rowing eyes that ſmiling tell the truth,
I gueſs, my laſſie, that as well as I,
You're made for love; and why ſhould ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gif we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the wooing's done?
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taſte but hard and ſowr.

PATIE.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their ſweetneſs they may tine; and ſae may ye.
Red cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff year.

PEGGY ſinging, falls into PATIE's arms.

Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's *arms, for good and a'.*
But ſtint your wiſhes to this kind embrace;
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE with his left hand about her waſte.

O charming armfu', hence ye cares away,
I'll kiſs my treaſure a' the live-lang day;
All night I'll dream my kiſſes o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the weſtlin ſkies,
Gang ſoon to bed, and quickly riſe;
O laſh your ſteeds, poſt time away,
And haſte about our bridal day:
And if ye're wearied, honeſt light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon ſpreading lime,
And tent a man whaſe beard ſeems bleech'd with time;
An elvand fills his hand, his habit mean:
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whiſht! it is the knight in maſquerade,
That comes hid in this cloud to ſee his lad.
Obſerve how pleas'd the loyal ſuff'rer moves
Thro' his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.

SIR WILLIAM *ſolus.*

THE gentleman thus hid in low diſguiſe,
I'll for a ſpace unknown delight mine eyes,
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I loſt,—which now are mine again.
Yet 'midſt my joys, ſome proſpects pain renew,
Whilſt I my once fair ſeat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it deſolately ſtands,
Without a roof; the gates faln from their bands;
The caſements all broke down; no chimney left;
The naked walls of tap'ſtry all bereft:
My ſtables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blaſt decaying falls:
My gardens, once adorn'd the moſt compleat,
With all that nature, all that art makes ſweet;
Where, round the figur'd green, and peeble walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their ſtalks:

But,

But, overgrown with nettles, docks and brier,
No jaccacinths or eglintines appear.
How do theſe ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and nect'rine branches found a beild,
And baſk'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightfu' in the uſe!
All round in gaps, the moſt in rubbiſh ly,
And from what ſtands the wither'd branches fly.
Theſe ſoon ſhall be repair'd:—And now my joy,
Forbids all grief,—when I'm to ſee my Boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since Heaven too ſoon call'd hame his Mother fair.
Him, ere the rays of reaſon clear'd his thought,
I ſecretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him ſtrictly to conceal his birth,
'Till we ſhould ſee what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himſelf, he ſtarts up by the dawn,
And ranges careleſs o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge, ſerenely gay,
With other ſhepherds whiſtling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free;
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how chearfully
A quiet contented mortal ſpends his time
In hearty health, his ſoul unſtain'd with crime.

Or ſung as follows.

SANG XII.—*Tune*, Happy Clown.

Hid from himſelf, now by the dawn,
He ſtarts as freſh as roſes blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks,

Healthful,

Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whiſtles out the day,
Untaught to ſmile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocriſie,
Where truth and love with joy agree,
Unſully'd with a crime;
Unmov'd with what diſturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and ſtate,
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented ſpends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's houſe I'll bend my way,
And ſee what makes yon gamboling to day,
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gayly dance and ſing. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's houſe, pleaſe to ſtep in,
And viſſy't round and round;
There's nought ſuperfluous to give pain,
Or coſtly to be found.
Yet all is clean: a clear peat-ingle
Glances amidſt the floor;
The green-horn ſpoons, beech-luggies mingle,
On ſkelfs foregainſt the door.
While the young brood ſport on the green,
The auld anes think it beſt,
With the Brown Cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and take their reſt.

SYMON, GLAUD, *and* ELSPA.

Glaud.

WE anes were young our ſells—I like to ſee
The bairns bob round with other merrilie.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a ſtrapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade.
Amang our lads, he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the cleverеſt of them a'.

Elſ. Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us baith:
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae ſkaith.
He is a bairn, I'll ſay't, well worth our care,
That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not miſtane,
He ſeems to be with Peggy's beauty tane,
And troth, my niece is a right dainty we'an,
As ye well ken: a bonnier needna be,
Nor better,—be't ſhe were nae kin to me.

Sym.

Sym. Ha! Glaud, I doubt that ne'er will be a match;
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch:
And or he were, for reaſons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the mools my ſell.

Glaud. What reaſon can ye have? There's nane, I'm ſure,
Unleſs ye may caſt up that ſhe's but poor:
But gif the laſſie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.
Fourſcore of breeding ews of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gi'e to Peggy that day ſhe's a bride;
By and attour, gif my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at ſpaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elſ. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud; but dinna ſpeer
What may be is not fit ye yet ſhould hear.

Sym. Or this day eight days likely he ſhall learn,
That our denial diſna ſlight his bairn.

Glaud. Well, nae mair o't,—come, gie's the other bend;
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*

Sym. But will ye tell me, Glaud,—by ſome 'tis ſaid,
Your niece is but a Fundling that was laid
Down at your hallon-ſide, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells ſic ſlaws,
When e'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O father! there's an auld man on the green,
The felleſt fortune-teller e'er was ſeen:
He tents our loofs, and ſyne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gie's our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddeſt tales that e'er ye heard.
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can ſay;
Nane ſhall gang hungry by my houſe to day.

[*Exit* JENNY.

But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear,
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

Glaud. Spae-men! the truth of a' their ſaws I doubt;
For greater liars never ran there out.

Returns JENNY, *bringing in* SIR WILLIAM; *with them* PATIE.

Sym. Ye're welcome, honeſt carle;—here take a ſeat.

Sir Will. I give ye thanks, Goodman; I'ſe no be blate.

Glaud. [*drinks.*] Come t'ye, friend:—How far came ye the day?

Sir Will. I pledge ye, nibour:—E'en but little way:
Rouſted with eild, a wee piece gate ſeems lang;
Twa miles or three's the maiſt that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to ſtay all night with me,
And take ſic bed and board as we can gi' ye.

Sir Will. That's kind unſought.—Well, gin ye have a bairn
That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I ſhall employ the fartheſt of my ſkill,
To ſpae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Sym.

ELSPA. Betooch us-too, and wiel I wat that's true;
Awa, awa, the deil's o'er grit wi' you;

Sym. [*pointing to Patie.*] Only that lad;—alake! I have nae mae,
Either to make me joyful now, or wae.

Sir Will. Young man, let's ſee your hand;—what gars ye ſneer?

Pat. Becauſe your ſkill's but little worth I fear.

Sir Will. Ye cut before the point.--But, billy, bide,
I'll wager there's a mouſe mark on your ſide.

Elſ. Betooch-us-to! and well I wat that's true;
Awa, awa! the deil's o'er grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever ſeen ſince he firſt wore a ſark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be ſpar'd
But a ſhort while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elſ. A laird! Hear ye, Goodman!—what think ye now?

Sym. I dinna ken: Strange auld man! What art thou?
Fair fa' your heart; 'tis good to bode of wealth:
Come turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[PATIE's *health gaes round.*

Pat. A laird of twa good whiſtles, and a kent,
Twa curs, my truſty tenants, on the bent,
Is all my great eſtate—and like to be:
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whiſht, Patie,—let the man look o'er your hand,
Aftimes as broken a ſhip has come to land.

[SIR WILLIAM *looks a little at* PATIE's *hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*]

Elſ. Preſerve's!—the man's a warlook, or poſſeſt
With ſome nae good,—or ſecond ſight, at leaſt:

Where is he now?——————

Glaud. ——————He's feeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elf. Theſe ſecond ſighted fowk, his peace be here!
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can ſee my thumb.—Wow, can he tell
(Speer at him, ſoon as he comes to himſell)
How ſoon we'll ſee Sir William? Whiſht, he heaves,
And ſpeaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll ſoon grow better;—Elſpa, haſte ye, gae,
And fill him up a taſs of Uſquebae.

Sir WILLIAM *ſtarts up, and ſpeaks.*

A Knight that for a *Lyon* fought,
Againſt a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which ſome thouſands ſhares.

But now again the *Lyon* rares,
And joy ſpreads o'er the plain:
The *Lyon* has defeat the bears,
The Knight returns again.

That Knight, in a few days, ſhall bring
A Shepherd frae the fauld,
And ſhall preſent him to his King,
A ſubject true and bauld.

He Mr Patrick ſhall be call'd:
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tald;
For it ſhall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your ſpaeing happen ſoon and weel;
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deil,

To

To tell ſome tales that fowks wad ſecret keep:
Or do ye get them tald you in your ſleep?

Sir Will. Howe'er I get them, never faſh your beard;
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward:
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I propheſy ſhall ſoon appear.

Sym. You propheſying fowks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, and here that diſna ken,
The wimpled meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk ſoon will mak a noiſe o'er moor and dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae ſma' ſport to hear how Sym believes,
And takes't for goſpel what the ſpae-man gives
Of ſlawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wiſh, we trow at ony rate.

Sir Will. Whiſht, doubtfu' carle; for ere the ſun
Has driven twice down to the ſea,
What I have ſaid ye ſhall ſee done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Well, be't ſae, friend, I ſhall ſay nathing mair;
But I've twa ſonſy laſſes young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wiſh ye cou'd foreſee
Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.

Sir Will. Nae mair thro' ſecrets can I ſift,
Till darkneſs black the bent:
I have but anes a day that gift;
Sae reſt a while content.

Sym. Elſpa, caſt on the claith, fetch butt ſome meat,
And, of your beſt, gar this auld ſtranger eat.

Sir Will. Delay a while your hoſpitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,

Around

Around yon ruin'd tower, to fetch a walk
With you, kind friend, to have ſome private talk.

Sym. Soon as you pleaſe I'll anſwer your deſire:—
And, Glaud, you'll take your pipe beſide the fire;
We'll but gae round the Place, and ſoon be back,
Syne ſup together, and tak our pint, and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while, and ſee the young anes play.
My heart's ſtill light, abeit my locks be gray.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Jenny pretends an errand hame,
Young Roger draps the reſt,
To whiſper out his melting flame,
And thow his laſſie's breaſt.
Behind a buſh, well hid frae ſight, they meet:
See Jenny's laughing; Roger's like to greet.
Poor Shepherd!

ROGER *and* JENNY.

Roger.

DEAR Jenny, I wad ſpeak to ye, wad ye let;
And yet I ergh, ye're ay ſae ſcornfu' ſet.

Jen. And what wad Roger ſay, if he cou'd ſpeak?
Am I oblig'd to gueſs what ye're to ſeek.

Rog. Yes, ye may gueſs right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my ſervice, ſighs, and langing een.
And I maun out wi't, tho' I riſk your ſcorn;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn.
Ah!

Ah! cou'd I loo ye leſs, I'd happy be;
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honeſt lad, but that I may;
Ye canna ſay that e'er I ſaid ye nay.

Rog. Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail,
When e'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear ſome tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may ly.

Jen. I loo my father, couſin Meg I love;
But to this day, nae man my mind could move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
And frae ye all I beſt had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny?—Sayna that again;
What pleaſure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet ſtand free:
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?

Jen. Ye have my pity elſe, to ſee you ſet
On that whilk makes our ſweetneſs ſoon foryet.
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing;
How ſweet we breathe, whene'er we kiſs, or ſing!
But we're nae ſooner fools to give conſent,
Than we our daffine and tint power repent:
When priſon'd in four waws, a wife right tame,
Altho' the firſt, the greateſt drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when for ſake of gear,
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mear;
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
Tho' thou ſhould ſcorn,—ſtill to delight in thee.

Jen. What ſuggard'd words frae woers lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.

I've

I've ſeen with ſhining fair the morning riſe,
And ſoon the fleety clouds mirk a' the ſkies.
I've ſeen the ſilver ſpring a while rin clear,
And ſoon in moſſy puddles diſappear.
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may ſmile;
But ſoon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've ſeen the morning riſe with faireſt light,
The day unclouded ſink in calmeſt night.
I've ſeen the ſpring rin wimpling through the plain,
Increaſe and join the ocean without ſtain.
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may ſmile,
Rejoice thro' life, and all your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but ſure you lang wou'd love maintain,
The feweſt words my eaſy heart could gain:
For I maun own, ſince now at laſt you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmneſs in my breaſt,
That made ye dearer to me than the reſt.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!—
This guſh of pleaſure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or ſtrike me! I'm all fir'd
With wondring love! let's kiſs till we be tir'd.
Kiſs, kiſs! we'll kiſs the ſun and ſtarns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day!
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And briſs thy bonny breaſts and lips to mine.

Which

Which may be ſung as follows.

SANG XIII.—*Tune*, Leith Wynd.

JENNY.

Were I aſſur'd you'll conſtant prove,
You ſhould nae mair complain,
The eaſy maid, beſet with love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I muſt own, now ſince you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-ſole true to thee,
Wiſh'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breaſt recline;
The pleaſure ſtrikes me near-hand dead.
Is Jenny *then ſae kind?*——
O! let me briſs thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine:
Delytfu' thought, we'll never part,
Come preſs thy lips to mine.

Jen. With equal joy my eaſy heart gi'es way,
To own thy well try'd love has won the day.
Now by theſe warmeſt kiſſes thou has tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Rog. I ſwear by fifty thouſand yet to come,
Or may the firſt ane ſtrike me deaf and dumb,
There ſhall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

Jen. Well, I agree:—Neiſt, to my parent gae,
Get his conſent;—he'll hardly ſay ye nay.
Ye have what will commend ye to him well,
Auld fowks, like them, that wants na milk and meal.

SANG XIV.—*Tune*, O'er Bogie.

Well, I agree, ye're ſure of me;
Next to my father gae:
Make him content to give conſent,
He'll hardly ſay you nay:
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you well,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain,
Tho' a' my kin had ſaid and ſworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like theſe in high degree;
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae faut in me.

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As mony newcal in my byars rowt;
Five pack of woo I can at Lammas ſell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell:
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that makes a heartſome houſe and tight,
Was ſtill her care, my father's great delight.

They

They left me all; which now gie's joy to me,
Becauſe I can give a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny ſhould the ſamen ſkair.
My love and all is your's; now had them faſt,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them laſt.

Jen. I'll do my beſt.—But ſee wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg;—beſides, I mauna ſtay:
Let's ſteal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be ſeen, we'll drie a deal of ſcorn.

Rog. To where the ſaugh-tree ſhades the mennin-pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
Keep triſte, and meet me there;—there let us meet,
To kiſs, and tell our love;—there's nought ſae ſweet.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

This ſcene preſents the Knight and Sym
Within a Gallery of the Place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim;
Nor has the Baron ſhown his face,
But joking with his ſhepherd leel,
Aft ſpeers the gate he kens fu' well.

SIR WILLIAM *and* SYMON.

Sir William.

TO whom belongs this houſe ſo much decay'd?

Sym. To ane that loſt it, lending generous aid,
To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail
Againſt the laws of nature did prevail.

Sir William Worthy is our maſter's name,
Whilk fills us all with joy, now *He's come hame.*

(Sir William draps his maſking beard,
Symon tranſported ſees
The welcome Knight, with fond regard,
And graſps him round the knees.)

My maſter! my dear maſter!—do I breathe,
To ſee him healthy, ſtrong, and free frae ſkaith;
Return'd to chear his wiſhing tenants ſight,
To bleſs his ſon, my charge, the world's delight!

Sir Will. Riſe, faithful Symon; in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this diſguiſe,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wiſe;
Since ſtill the ſecret thou'ſt ſecurely ſeal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your ſtrict command
Was the firſt lock;—neiſt, my ain judgment fand
Out reaſons plenty: ſince, without eſtate,
A youth, tho' ſprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir Will. And aften vain and idly ſpend their time,
'Till grown unfit for action, paſt their prime,
Hang on their friends—which gi'es their ſauls a caſt,
That turns them downright beggars at the laſt.

Sym. Now well I wat, Sir, ye have ſpoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's ſon, that's loo'd by few:
His father ſteght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about ſornan frae place to place,
As ſcrimp of manners, as of ſenſe and grace;

Oppreſſing

Oppreſſing all as puniſhment of their ſin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's ſae unjuſt
To his ain fam'ly, as to give him truſt.

Sir Will. Such uſeleſs branches of a common-wealth,
Should be lopt off, to give a ſtate mair health.
Unworthy bare reflection.——Symon, run
O'er all your obſervations on my ſon;
A parent's fondneſs eaſily finds excuſe:
But do not with indulgence truth abuſe.

Sym. To ſpeak his praiſe, the langeſt ſimmer day
Wad be o'er ſhort,—cou'd I them right diſplay.
In word and deed he can ſae well behave,
That out of ſight he runs before the lave;
And when there's e'er a quarrel or conteſt,
Patrick's made judge to tell whaſe cauſe is beſt;
And his decreet ſtands good;—he'll gar it ſtand:
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand;
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudeſt of our herds obey.

Sir Will. Your tale much pleaſes;—my good friend, proceed:
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna ſpare
To gi'e him at the ſchool enough of lair;
And he delites in books:—He reads, and ſpeaks
With fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir Will. Where gets he books to read?—and of what kind?
Tho' ſome give light, ſome blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our ſheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys ſome books of hiſtory, ſangs or ſport:

Nor

Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakſpear, and a famous Ben,
He aften ſpeaks, and ca's them beſt of men.
How ſweetly Hawthrenden and Stirling ſing,
And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fu' well, and gars their verſes ring.
I ſometimes thought he made o'er great a fraſe,
About fine poems, hiſtories and plays.
When I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.

Sir Will. He anſwer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
When ſuch accounts I of my ſhepherd hear.
Reading ſuch books can raiſe a peaſant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that ſae ſindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;
When we a leaf or twa haff read haff ſpell,
'Till a' the reſt ſleep round as well's our ſell?

Sir Will. Well jeſted, Symon:--But one queſtion more
I'll only aſk ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:
Has nae young laſſie, with inviting mien,
And roſy cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the warſt, but kend the ſmalleſt part,
'Till late I ſaw him twa three times mair ſweet,
With Glaud's fair Niece, than I thought right or meet:
I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like your ſell your ſon will ſoon appear.

A

A gentleman, enrich'd with all theſe charms,
May bleſs the faireſt beſt born lady's arms.
Sir Will. This night muſt end his unambitious fire,
When higher views ſhall greater thoughts inſpire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but your ſelf ſhall our firſt meeting ſee.
Yonder's my horſe and ſervants nigh at hand,
They come juſt at the time I gave command;
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dreſs:
Now ye the ſecret may to all confeſs.
Sym. With how much joy I on this errand flee!
There's nane can know that is not downright me.
[*Exit* SYMON.

Sir WILLIAM *ſolus.*

When the event of hopes ſucceſsfully appears,
One happy hour cancells the toil of years.
A thouſand toils are loſt in Lethe's ſtream,
And cares evaniſh like a morning dream;
When wiſh'd for pleaſures riſe like morning light,
The pain that's paſt enhances the delight.
Theſe joys I feel that words can ill expreſs,
I ne'er had known without my late diſtreſs.
But from his ruſtick buſineſs and love,
I muſt in haſte my Patrick ſoon remove,
To courts and camps that may his ſoul improve.
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings ſhews its light,
Till artfu' poliſhing has made it ſhine:
Thus education makes the genius bright. [*Exit.*

Or

Or ſung as follows.

SANG XV.—*Tune*, Wat ye wha I met Yeſtreen.

Now from ruſticity and love,
Whoſe flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle ſhepherd muſt be drove,
His ſoul muſt take another turn:
As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breakings only ſhews its light,
Till poliſhing has made it ſhine:
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The ſcene deſcrib'd in former page,
Glaud's onſet.—Enter *Mauſe* and *Madge*.

Mauſe.

OUR laird's come hame! and owns young Pate his heir!
That's news indeed!———

Mad.———As true as ye ſtand there.
As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, with a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven ſnaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'*.
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.

As

As we ſtood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd ſpae,
Yet for his pains and ſkill wad nathing ha'e.

Mauſe. Then ſure the laſſes, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Mad. As faſt as flaes ſkip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee Tod Lawrie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hip's to cool,
In ſimmer days ſlides backward in a pool:
In ſhort he did, for Pate, braw things fortell,
Without the help of conjuring or ſpell.
At laſt, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pow'd aff his beard to Symon, Symon knew
His welcome maſter;—round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and ſyne for blythneſs grat.
Patrick was ſent for;—happy lad is he!
Symon tald Elſpa, Elſpa tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the ſecret ſtory ſoon;
And troth 'tis e'en right odd when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no ſae meikle as to Pate himſell.
Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has loſt her jo.

Mauſe. It may be ſae; wha kens? and may be no.
To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain;
Ev'n kings have tane a queen out of the plain:
And what has been before, may be again.

Mad. Sic nonſenſe! love tak root, but tocher-good,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood:
Sic faſhions in King Bruce's days might be;
But ſiccan ferlies now we never ſee.

Mauſe. Gif Pate forſakes her, Bauldy ſhe may gain;
Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain!
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Mad. He get her! ſlaverin doof; it ſets him weil
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to till.
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young Maſter ſee—

Mauſe. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he:
And ſo wad I. But whiſht, here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY *ſinging.*

Jenny *ſaid to* Jocky, *gin ye winna tell,*
Ye ſhall be the lad, I'll be the laſs my ſell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a laſſie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow ſae.—Laſſes will come too at laſt,
Tho' for a while they maun their ſnaw-ba's caſt.

Mauſe. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?—

Baul. ————Faith unco right:
I hope we'll a' ſleep ſound but ane this night.

Mad. And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may aſk?

Baul. To find out that, is nae difficult taſk;
Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honeſt Mauſe, ſtand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove;
Leſs wilful, and ay conſtant in my love.

Mad. As Neps can witneſs, and the buſhy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was ſworn:
Fy! Bauldy, bluſh, and vows of love regard;
What other laſs will trow a manſworn herd?
The curſe of Heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty of ſic ſinfu' deeds.

I'll

I'll ne'er adviſe my niece ſae gray a gate;
Nor will ſhe be adviſ'd, ſu' well I wate.

Baul. Sae gray a gate! manſworn! and a' the reſt:
Ye leed, *auld Roudes*—and, in faith, had beſt
Eat in your words; elſe I ſhall gar you ſtand
With a het face afore the haly band.

Mad. Ye'll gar me ſtand! ye ſheveling-gabbit brock;
Speak that again, and, trembling, dread my rock,
And ten ſharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can flyp the ſkin o'ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Baul. I tak ye witneſs, Mauſe, ye heard her ſay,
That I'm manſworn:—I winna let it gae.

Mad. Ye're witneſs too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And ſhould be ſerv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!———

[*Flies to his hair like a fury.—A ſtout battle.—Mauſe endeavours to redd them.*

Mauſe. Let gang your grips, fy, Madge! howt, Bauldy
I wadna wiſh this tulzie had been ſeen; [leen:
'Tis ſae daft like.——

[*Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a bleeding noſe.*

Mad.——'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap, like him, to blaw the coal.
It ſets him well, with vile unſcrapit tongue,
To caſt up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And or they died their bairns bairns have ſeen.

Mauſe. That's true; and Bauldy ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain chriſten'd name.
Baul. My lugs, my noſe, and noddle finds the ſame.

Mad. Auld Roudes! filthy fallow; I ſhall auld ye.

Mauſe. Howt no!—ye'll e'en be friends with honeſt Bauldy.

Come, come, ſhake hands; this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgi'e'm. I ſee the lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth now, Mauſe, I have at Madge nae ſpite:
But ſhe abuſing firſt, was a' the wite
Of what has happen'd: And ſhould therefore crave
My pardon firſt, and ſhall acquittance have.

Mad. I crave your pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat,
Gae, or be blaſted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform, as well as ſwear.
Vow, and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith, tak him deil; he's o'er lang out of hell.

Baul. [*running off.*] His preſence be about us! Curſt were he
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[*Exit* BAULDY.

Mad. [*laughing.*] I think I've towzl'd his harigalds a wee;
He'll no ſoon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a raſcal that wad mint to ſerve
A laſſie ſae, he does but ill deſerve.

Mauſe. Ye towin'd him tightly,—I commend ye for't;
His blooding ſnout gave me nae little ſport:
For this forenoon he had that ſcant of grace,
And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a Witch, and wadna ſtand,
To lend him in this caſe my helping hand.

Mad. A Witch!—How had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to ſee, or lugs to hear?

Mauſe.

Mauſe. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine,
Obliges fowk reſentment to decline;
Till aft 'tis ſeen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lake of pith ſupplie.
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bade him come, and we ſhould gang to wark:
I'm ſure he'll keep his triſte; and I came here
To ſeek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Mad. And ſpecial ſport we'll have, as I proteſt;
Ye'll be the Witch, and I ſhall play the Ghaiſt,
A linen ſheet wond round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and ſhake my head.
We'll fleg him ſae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a laſſie wrang.

Mauſe. Then let us go; for ſee, 'tis hard on night,
The weſtlin cloud ſhines red with ſetting light. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green ſwaird grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to reſt retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd tenderly inſpir'd,
Walks through the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewell.

PATIE *and* ROGER.

Roger.

WOW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light.
O, Mr Patrick! ay your thoughts were right:
Sure

Sure gentle folk are farther ſeen than we,
That naething ha'e to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding,—ſweet,—and nae mair ſcorn.
I ſpake my mind—ſhe heard—I ſpake again,
She ſmil'd—I kiſs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.
Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm ſometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an eſtate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
With looks all kindneſs, words that love confeſt;
He all the father to my ſoul expreſt,
While cloſe he held me to his manly breaſt.
Such were the eyes, he ſaid, thus ſmil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, bleſſing of my youth;
Who ſet too ſoon!—And while he praiſe beſtow'd,
Adown his graceful cheek a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail:
That ſpeechleſs lang, my late kend Sire I view'd,
While guſhing tears my panting breaſt bedew'd.
Unuſual tranſports made my head turn round,
Whilſt I myſelf with riſing raptures found
The happy ſon of ane ſae much renown'd.
But he has heard!—too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
Which he forbids.—Ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat, my heart ſhall ſooner ceaſe.
Reg. How to adviſe ye, troth I'm at a ſtand:
But wer't my caſe, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Pat.

Pat. Duty, and haſten reaſon plead his cauſe!
But what cares love for reaſon, rules and laws?
Still in my heart my ſhepherdeſs excells,
And part of my new happineſs repells.

Or ſung as follows.

SANG XVI.—*Tune*, Kirk wad let me be.

Duty and part of reaſon
Plead ſtrong on the parent's ſide,
Which love ſuperior calls treaſon;
The ſtrongeſt muſt be obey'd.
For now tho' I'm one o' the gentry,
My conſtancy falſhood repells;
For change in my heart is no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy *excells.*

Rog. Enjoy them baith.—Sir William will be won:
Your Peggy's bonny;—you're his only ſon.
Pat. She's mine by vows, and ſtronger ties of love;
And frae theſe bands nae change my mind ſhall move.
I'll wed nane elſe; thro' life I will be true:
But ſtill obedience is a parent's due.
Rog. Is not our maſter and your ſell to ſtay
Amang us here?—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?
Pat. To Edinburgh ſtraight to-morrow we advance,
To London neiſt, and afterwards to France,
Where I muſt ſtay ſome years, and learn—to dance,
And twa three other monky-tricks.—That done,
I come hame ſtruting in my red-heel'd ſhoon.

Then

Then 'tis deſign'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be ſome petted thing's dull ſlave,
For ſome few bags of caſh, that I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear ſic news ſhall hear my death.

Rog. They wha have juſt enough, can ſoundly ſleep;
The o'ercome only faſhes fowk to keep.——
Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.
Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's the ſame.
The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greateſt bliſs we can procure
Frae 'boon the lift.—Without it kings are poor.

Rog. But an eſtate like your's yields braw content,
When we but pick it ſcantly on the bent:
Fine claiths, ſaft beds, ſweet houſes, and red wine,
Good chear, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine;
Obeyſant ſervants, honour, wealth and eaſe:
Wha's no content with theſe, are ill to pleaſe.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiſs;
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er the bliſs.
The paſſions rule the roaſt;—and, if they're ſowr,
Like the lean ky, will ſoon the fat devour.
The ſpleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the ſharpeſt goads in gentry's ſide.
The gouts and gravels, and the ill diſeaſe,
Are frequenteſt with fowk o'erlaid with eaſe;
While o'er the moor the ſhepherd, with leſs care,
Enjoys his ſober wiſh, and haleſome air.

Rog. Lord, man! I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.

How

PAT. My Peggy why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a Shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Act IV Scene II.

Drawn by W. Wint. *Engraved by E. Mitchell.*

Published as the Act directs by Geo. Reid & Co. Edin. 1798

How gat ye a' that ſenſe, I fain wad lear,
That I may eaſier diſappointments bear.

Pat. Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat ſome ſkill;
Theſe beſt can teach what's real good and ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware ſome ſtanes of cheeſe,
To gain theſe ſilent friends that ever pleaſe.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye ſhall tell me which to buy:
Faith I'ſe ha'e books, tho' I ſhould ſell my ky.
But now let's hear how you're deſign'd to move,
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies;—His will maun be obey'd;
My vows I'll keep, and ſhe ſhall be my bride:
But I ſome time this laſt deſign maun hide.
Keep you the ſecret cloſe, and leave me here;
I ſent for Peggy, yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye truſt me with the ſecret, I
To wyle it frae me a' the deils defy. [*Exit* ROGER.

Pat. [*ſolus.*] With what a ſtruggle muſt I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken ſhe loves, and her ſaft ſaul will ſink,
While it ſtands trembling on the hated brink
Of diſappointment.—Heaven! ſupport my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.
Her eyes are red!——

Enter PEGGY.

——————My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a ſhepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare not think ſae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made not me
A gentle match, or ſtill a herd kept thee.

Wha can, withoutten pain, ſee frae the coaſt
The ſhip that bears his all like to be loſt?
Like to be carry'd, by ſome rever's hand,
Far frae his wiſhes, to ſome diſtant land?

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilſt it with me remains,
To raiſe thee up, or ſtill attend theſe plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own:
But love's ſuperior to a parent's frown.
I falſhood hate: Come, kiſs thy cares away;
I ken to love, as well as to obey.
Sir William's generous; leave the taſk to me,
To make ſtrict duty and true love agree.

Peg. Speak on!—ſpeak ever thus, and ſtill my grief;
But ſhort I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will ſoon inſpire,
That with nice air ſwims round in ſilk attire:
Then I, poor me!—with ſighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartſome Pate;
Nae mair again to hear ſweet tales expreſt,
By the blyth ſhepherd that excell'd the reſt:
Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiſs'd me, when I danc'd or ſang:
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play!
And rin haff breathleſs round the rucks of hay;
As aftimes I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpoſe, that I might be tane.
Nae mair around the Foggy-know I'll creep,
To watch and ſtare upon thee, while aſleep.
But hear my vow—'twill help to give me eaſe;
May ſudden death, or deadly fair diſeaſe,
And warſt of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife.

Or

Or ſung as follows.

SANG XVII.—*Tune,* Wae's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Speak on,—ſpeak thus, and ſtill my grief,
Hold up a heart that's ſinking under
Theſe fears, that ſoon will want relief,
When Pate *muſt from his* Peggy *ſunder.*
A gentler face, and ſilk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's bloſſom,
Alake poor me! will now conſpire
To ſteal thee from thy Peggy's *boſom.*

No more the ſhepherd, who excell'd
The reſt, whoſe wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's *praiſes tell,*
Ah! I can die, but never ſunder.
Ye meadows where we often ſtray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-ſcented rucks, round which we play'd,
You'll loſe your ſweets when we're aſunder.

Again, ah! ſhall I never creep
Around the Know with ſilent duty,
Kindly to watch thee, while aſleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, Heaven, while ſolemnly I vow,
Tho' thou ſhouldſt prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I ſhall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

Pat. Sure Heaven approves—and be aſſur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've ſworn to thee:

And time, tho' time maun interpoſe a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this iſle;
Yet time, nor diſtance, nor the faireſt face,
If there's a fairer, e'er ſhall fill thy place.
I'd hate my riſing fortune, ſhould it move
The fair foundation of our faithful love.
If at my foot were crowns and ſcepters laid,
To bribe my ſoul frae thee, delightful maid;
For thee I'd ſoon leave theſe inferior things
To ſic as have the patience to be kings.
Wherefore that tear? Believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words ſae kind.
When hopes were ſunk, and nought but mirk deſpair
Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burſt; but now I ſee
Thy generous thoughts will ſave thy love for me.
With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou with joy appear;
And all the while I'll ſtudy gentler charms,
To make me fitter for my traveller's arms:
I'll gain on uncle Glaud,—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk ſchool;
Where I may manners learn——

Or ſung as follows.

SANG XVIII.—*Tune*, Tweedſide.

When hope was quite ſunk in deſpair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthleſs my care,
But now I will ſav't for thy ſake.

Where'er

Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image ſhall ſtay,
And my ſoul keep him ever in ſight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And ſtudy the gentleſt charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in thoſe arms.
Whilſt thou was a ſhepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to riſe
To a height is becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only ſkin-deep,
Muſt fade like the gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the huſband have ſenſe to approve.

Pat. ——————That's wiſely ſaid,
And what he wares that way ſhall be well paid.
Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native ſweets might gain a prince's heart:
Yet now, leſt in our ſtation, we offend,
We muſt learn modes, to innocence unkend;
Affect aftimes to like the thing we hate,
And drap ſerenity, to keep up ſtate:
Laugh, when we're ſad; ſpeak, when we've nought to ſay;
And, for the faſhion, when we're blyth, ſeem wae:

Pay

Pay compliments to them we aft have ſcorn'd;
Then ſcandalize them, when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am ſtill—But I'll be ought with thee.

Pat. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jeſt
With gentry's apes; for ſtill amangſt the beſt,
Good manners give integrity a bleez,
Whèn native vertues join the arts to pleaſe.

Peg. Since with nae hazard, and ſae ſmall expence,
My lad frae books can gather ſiccan ſenſe;
Then why, ah! why ſhould the tempeſtuous ſea,
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his ſon,
For watna-what's, ſae great a riſk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt, but travelling does improve,
Yet I would ſhun it for thy ſake, my love.
But ſoon as I've ſhook aff my landwart caſt,
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haſte.

Peg. With every ſetting day, and riſing morn,
I'll kneel to Heaven, and aſk thy ſafe return.
Under that tree, and on the Suckler Brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to run and play,
And to the Hiſſel-ſhaw where firſt ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers,
With joy, that they'll bear witneſs I am yours.

Or

Or ſung as follows.

SANG XIX.—*Tune*, Buſh aboon Traquair.

At ſetting day, and riſing morn,
With ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of Heaven thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll viſit oft the Birken Buſh,
Where firſt thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By Greenwood-ſhaw or fountain,
Or where the ſummer-day I'd ſhare
With thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A ſhining ringlet of thy flowing hair;
Which, as a ſample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiſs, and wear about my arm.

Peg. Were't in my power with better boons to pleaſe,
I'd give the beſt I could with the ſame eaſe;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had faln to me,
Been in ae jot leſs generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but ſince we've little time
To ware't on words, wad border on a crime:
Love's ſafter meaning better is expreſt,
When 'tis with kiſſes on the heart impreſt. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy ſtares like ane poſſeſt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly reſt.
Bare-leg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See, the auld man comes forward to the ſot.

SYMON *and* BAULDY.

Symon.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowſy ſleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r?
Far to the north, the ſcant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye ſhake and glowr, and look ſae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like briſtles ſtand.

Bauld. O len me ſoon ſome water, milk or ale,
My head's grown giddy,—legs with ſhaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane;
Alake! I'll never be my ſell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

[*Symon gives him a drink.*

Sym. What ails thee, gowk!—to make ſae loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear ill pleas'd: I hear his tred.

Enter SIR WILLIAM.

Sir Will. How goes the night? Does day-light yet appear?
Symon, you're very timeouſly aſteer.

Sym.

Sym. I'm ſorry, Sir, that we've diſturb'd your reſt:
But ſome ſtrange thing has Bauldy's ſp'rit oppreſt;
He's ſeen ſome witch, or wreſtl'd with a ghaiſt.

Baul. O ay,—dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true;
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir Will. [*ſmiling.*] I lang to hear't——

Baul.——Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Mauſe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
Firſt promis'd that ſhe'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart laſſie's heart.
As ſhe had triſted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend of mine get ſic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, inſtead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaiſt or deil, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corſe in ſheet as white as milk;
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
Upon me faſt the Witch and *it* fell baith,
And gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
Was laboured as I wont to be at ſchool.
My heart out of its hool was like to lowp;
I pithleſs grew with fear, and had nae hope,
Till, with an elritch laugh, they vaniſh'd quite:
Syne I, haff dead with anger, fear and ſpite,
Crap up, and fled ſtraight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help, to gi'e the deil his due.
I'm ſure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Mauſe be burnt.

Sir Will. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's juſt ſhall grantedbe;
Let Mauſe be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your Honour; ſoon ſhall I obey:
But firſt I'll Roger raiſe, and twa three mae,

To catch her faſt, or ſhe get leave to ſqueel,
And caſt her cantraips that bring up the deil. [*Exit.*

Sir Will. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghaiſt have made themſelves good ſport.
What ſilly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is thro' want of education blind!

Sym. But does your Honour think there's nae ſic thing
As witches raiſing deils up thro' a ring?
Syne playing tricks, a thouſand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this ſide hell.

Sir Will. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amongſt a few old women craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to ſee him friſk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp;
Appearing ſometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
Aftimes like Bawty, Badrans, or a Sow:
Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-ſtaffs ride;
Or in the egg-ſhell ſkim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
Then aft by night, bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-board, chairs and ſtools.
Whate'er's in ſpells, or if there witches be,
Such whimſies ſeem the moſt abſurd to me.

Sym. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle ſenſe, or yet was rich.
But Mauſe, tho' poor, is a ſagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honeſt life;
That gars me think this hobleſhew that's paſt
Will land in naithing but a joke at laſt.

Sir Will.

Sir Will. I'm ſure it will :—But ſee increaſing light
Commands the imps of darkneſs down to night;
Bid raiſe my ſervants, and my horſe prepare,
Whilſt I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XX.—Bonny grey-ey'd morn.

The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkneſs flies before the riſing ray,
The hearty hind ſtarts from his lazy ſleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day:
Without a guilty ſting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluſter'd with wine, or madden'd with loſs
Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain.
Be my portion health, and quietneſs of mind,
Plac'd at due diſtance from parties and ſtate,
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happineſs link'd to his fate.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

While Peggy laces up her boſom fair,
With a blew ſnood Jenny binds up her hair;
Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,
The riſing ſun ſhines motty thro' the reek,
A pipe his mouth; the laſſes pleaſe his een,
And now and than his joke maun interveen.

GLAUD, JENNY *and* PEGGY.

Glaud.

I WISH, my bairns, it may keep fair till night;
Ye do not uſe ſae ſoon to ſee the light.
Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
To take your leave of Patrick or he gang.
But do ye think that now when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart laſſes will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young Maſter now, I'm very ſure
He has mair ſenſe than ſlight auld friends, tho' poor.
But yeſterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kiſs'd my couſin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But, be advis'd, his company refrain:
Before he, as a ſhepherd, fought a wife,
With her to live a chaſt and frugal life;
But now grown gentle, ſoon he will forſake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake! what's that?—Sure if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't, elſe I have tint my ſkill.

Glaud.

Glaud. Daft laſſie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare.
A rake's a graceleſs ſpark, that thinks nae ſhame,
To do what like of us thinks ſin to name:
Sic are ſae void of ſhame, they'll never ſtap
To brag how aften they have had the clap.
They'll tempt young things, like you, with youdith
flufh'd,
Syne make ye a' their jeſt, when ye're debauch'd.
Be warry then, I ſay, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bourd with ſic as he.

Peg. Sir William's vertuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiſer, better are than we;
But thinner ſawn: They're ſae puft up with pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
That ſhaws the gate to Heaven.—I've heard my ſell,
Some of them laugh at doomſday, ſin and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd;
Sure him that doubts a doomſday, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curſe, debauch and drink:
But I'm no ſaying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to ſic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things
But here comes aunt; her face ſome ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Mad. Haſte, haſte ye; we're a' ſent for o'er the gate
To hear, and help to redd ſome odd debate
'Tween

'Tween Mauſe and Bauldy, 'bout ſome witchcraft ſpell,
At Symon's houſe: The Knight ſits judge himſell.
Glaud. Lend me my ſtaff;—Madge, lock the outer-door,
And bring the laſſes wi' ye; I'll ſtep before. [*Exit.*
Mad. Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er ſeen,
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een?
This day her brankan wooer takes his horſe,
To ſtrute a gentle ſpark at Edinburgh croſs;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice ſword, and glancing headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn ſpoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that ſmells like new won hay;
To leave the green-ſwaird dance, when we gae milk,
To ruſtle amang the beauties clad in ſilk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun with the ſhepherd ſtay,
And tak what God will ſend, in hodden-gray.
Peg. Dear aunt, what need ye faſh us wi' your ſcorn?
That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of ſome laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green:
Now ſince he riſes, why ſhould I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine.
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Deſigns him mine, I yet his wife may be.
Mad. A bonny ſtory, trowth!—But we delay:
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William fills the twa arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Mauſe,
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cauſe:
For now 'tis tell'd him that the taz
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Becauſe he brak good breeding's laws,
And with his nonſenſe rais'd their rage.

SIR WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD, BAULDY *and* MAUSE.

Sir William.

AND was that all?—Well Bauldy, ye was ſerv'd
No otherwiſe than what ye well deſerv'd.
Was it ſo ſmall a matter, to defame,
And thus abuſe an honeſt woman's name?
Beſides your going about to have betray'd
By perjury an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confeſs my faut thro' a' the ſteps,
And ne'er again ſhall be untrue to Neps.

Mauſe. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the ſcore;
I kend not that they thought me ſic before.

Baul. An't like your Honour, I believ'd it well;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to ſeek the deil:
Yet, with your Honour's leave, tho' ſhe's nae Witch,
She's baith a ſlee and a revengefu ——
And that my *Some-place* finds;—but I had beſt
Hod in my tongue; for yonder comes the *Ghaiſt*,
And the young bonny *Witch*, whaſe roſy cheek
Sent me, without my wit, the deil to ſeek.

Enter

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, *and* JENNY.

Sir Will. [*looking at* Peggy.] Whoſe daughter's ſhe
that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face ſo fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How ſparkling are her eyes! What's this! I find
The girl brings all my ſiſter to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too ſoon depriv'd of ſweeteſt grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?——
Glaud.——————Sir, ſhe's my niece;—
And yet ſhe's not:—but I ſhould hald my peace.
Sir Will. This is a contradiction: What d'ye mean?
She is, and is not! Pray thee, Glaud, explain.
Glaud. Becauſe I doubt, if I ſhould make appear
What I have kept a ſecret thirteen year.
Mauſe. You may reveal what I can fully clear.
Sir Will. Speak ſoon; I'm all impatience!—
Pat.——————————So am I!
For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.
Glaud.—Then, ſince my maſter orders, I obey.
This *Bonny Fundling*, ae clear morn of May,
Cloſe by the lee-ſide of my door I found,
All ſweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant-weeds of rich and gentle make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forſake?
Wha, warſe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
Sae much of innocence ſae ſweetly fair,
Sae hopeleſs young? for ſhe appear'd to me
Only about twa towmands auld to be.
I took her in my arms, the bairnie ſmil'd
With ſic a look wad made a ſavage mild.

I hid the ſtory: She has paſs'd ſinceſyne
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.
Nor do I rue my care about the we'an,
For ſhe's well worth the pains that I have tane.
Ye ſee ſhe's bonny, I can ſwear ſhe's good,
And am right ſure ſhe's come of gentle blood:
Of whom I kenna.—Nathing ken I mair,
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Will. This tale ſeems ſtrange!——

Pat.——The tale delights my ear; [appear.

Sir Will. Command your joys, young man, till truth

Mauſe. That be my taſk.--Now, Sir, bid all be huſh:
Peggy may ſmile;—thou haſt nae cauſe to bluſh.
Long have I wiſh'd to ſee this happy day,
That I might ſafely to the truth give way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The beſt and neareſt friend that ſhe can claim:
He ſaw't at firſt, and with quick eye did trace
His ſiſter's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir Will. Old woman, do not rave,—prove what you ſay;
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Pat. What reaſon, Sir, can an old woman have
To tell a lie, when ſhe's ſae near her grave?
But how, or why, it ſhould be truth, I grant,
I every thing looks like a reaſon want.

Omnes. The ſtory's odd! we wiſh we heard it out.

Sir Will. Mak haſte, good woman, and reſolve each doubt.

[*Mauſe goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*]

Mauſe. Sir, view me well: Has fifteen years ſo plow'd
A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,

That here I as an unknown ſtranger ſtand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet ſtronger proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir Will. Ha! honeſt nurſe, where were my eyes before!
I know thy faithfulneſs, and need no more;
Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expoſe her who was ſo unkind?
[*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her ſit by him.*]
Yes, ſurely thou'rt my niece; truth muſt prevail:
But no more words, till Mauſe relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurſe, go on; nae muſic's haff ſae fine,
Or can give pleaſure like theſe words of thine.

Mauſe. Then, it was I that ſav'd her infant-life,
Her death being threatned by an uncle's wife.
The ſtory's lang; but I the ſecret knew,
How they purſu'd, with avaritious view,
Her rich eſtate, of which they're now poſſeſt:
All this to me a confident confeſt.
I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
They'd ſmoor the fakeleſs orphan in her bed!
That very night, when all were ſunk in reſt,
At midnight hour, the floor I ſaftly preſt,
And ſtaw the ſleeping innocent away;
With whom I travel'd ſome few miles e'er day:
All day I hid me,—when the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
Till eaſtward fifty miles I reach'd theſe plains,
Where needful plenty glads your chearful ſwains;
Afraid of being found out, I to ſecure
My Charge, e'en laid her at this ſhepherd's door,

And

Sr WILLm I give you both my blefsing: may you love.
Produce a happy race, and still improve

Designed by W Wee

Engraved by R Mitchell

Published as the Act directs by Wm Reid and Co Edinburgh Dec 1798

And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er ſhould happen to her, might be by.
Here honeſt Glaud himſell, and Symon may
Remember well, how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud. [*with tears of joy happing down his beard.*]
I well remember't. Lord reward your love:
Lang have I wiſh'd for this; for aft I thought,
Sic knowledge ſometime ſhould about be brought.

Pat. 'Tis now a crime to doubt,—my joys are full,
With due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, with paternal love ſurvey her charms,
And blame me not for ruſhing to her arms.
She's mine by vows; and would, tho' ſtill unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durſt own.

Sir Will. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
Sweet image of thy mother good and fair,
Equal with Patrick: Now my greateſt aim
Shall be, to aid your joys, and well match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.*]

Pat. With as much joy this bleſſing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's ſinking in a wave.

Sir Will. [*raiſes them.*] I give you both my bleſſing: may your love
Produce a happy race, and ſtill improve.

Peg. My wiſhes are compleat,—my joys ariſe,
While I'm haſf dizzy with the bleſt ſurpriſe.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me ſo much generous kindneſs had?
Lang may Sir William bleſs theſe happy plains,
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, ſtill our Maſter be;
We'll only crave what you ſhall pleaſe to gi'e:
The eſtate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your Honour now will take amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Will. The baſe unnatural villain ſoon ſhall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll ſtrip him ſoon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburſe his ill got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth and an eſtate,
Seem light when put in ballance with my Pate:
For his ſake only, I'll ay thankful bow
For ſuch a kindneſs, *beſt of men*, to you.

Sym. What double blythneſs wakens up this day!
I hope now, Sir, you'll no ſoon haſte away.
Sall I unſadle your horſe, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Mauſe's plot.

Sir Will. Kindly old man, remain with you this day,
I never from theſe fields again will ſtray:
Maſons and wrights ſhall ſoon my houſe repair,
And buſſy gardners ſhall new planting rear:
My father's hearty table you ſoon ſhall ſee
Reſtor'd, and my beſt friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the beſt news I heard this twenty year;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud. God ſave the King, and ſave Sir William lang,
To enjoy their ain, and raiſe the ſhepherds ſang.

Rog. Wha winna dance? wha will refuſe to ſing?
What ſhepherd's whiſtle winna lilt the ſpring?

Baul,

Baul. I'm friends with Mauſe,—with very Madge I'm 'greed,
Altho' they ſkelpit me when woodly ſleid:
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and ſing, "Lang may Sir William live."

Mad. Lang may he live:—And, Bauldy, learn to ſteek
Your gab a wee, and think before you ſpeak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Elſe ye may yet ſome witches fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngeſt of ye rant,
And brag for ay, that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

Peg. No other name I'll ever for you learn.—
And, my good nurſe, how ſhall I gratefu' be,
For a' thy matchleſs kindneſs done for me?

Mauſe. The flowing pleaſures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir Will. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to you,
And to your heirs I give in endleſs feu,
The mailens ye poſſeſs, as juſtly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough beſides, and theſe can ſpare.
Mauſe, in my houſe in calmneſs cloſe your days,
With nought to do, but ſing your Maker's praiſe.

Omnes. The Lord of Heaven return your Honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your bleſſings roove.

[*Patie preſenting Roger to Sir William.*]

Sir, here's my truſty friend, that always ſhar'd
My boſom-ſecrets, ere I was a laird;

Glaud's

Glaud's daughter Janet (Jenny, think nae ſhame)
Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb, at laſt he ſpake, and won,
And hopes to be our honeſt uncle's ſon:
Be pleas'd to ſpeak to Glaud for his conſent,
That nane may wear a face of diſcontent.

Sir Will. My ſon's demand is fair,—Glaud, let me crave,
That truſty Roger may your daughter have,
With frank conſent; and while he does remain
Upon theſe fields, I make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You crowd your bounties, Sir, what can we ſay,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?
Whate'er your Honour wills, I ſhall obey.
Roger, my daughter, with my bleſſing, take,
And ſtill our maſter's right your buſineſs make.
Pleaſe him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
Shall nod with quietneſs down amang the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good a ſpeaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a fraiſe:
But for my maſter, father and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

Sir Will. My friends, I'm ſatisfied you'll all behave,
Each in his ſtation, as I'd wiſh or crave.
Be ever vertuous, ſoon or late you'll find
Reward, and ſatisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life ſometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft when hopes are higheſt, we're beguil'd:
Aft, when we ſtand on brinks of dark deſpair,
Some happy turn with joy diſpells our care.
Now all's at rights, who ſings beſt let me hear.

Peg.

Peg. When you demand, I readieſt ſhould obey:
I'll ſing you ane, the neweſt that I ha'e.

SANG XXI.—Corn-riggs are bonny.

My Patie *is a lover gay,*
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is ſweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy:
His ſhape is handſome, middle ſize;
He's comely in his wauking:
The ſhining of his een ſurpriſe;
'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

Laſt night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he ſpake,
That ſet my heart a glowing.
He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony,
That gars me like to ſing ſince ſyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let laſſes of a ſilly mind
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting;
Since we for yielding were deſign'd,
We chaſtly ſhould be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And ſyne my cockernonny
He's free to touzel air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS

BINDING SECT. MAY 6 1964

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

PR
3657
G4
1798

Ramsay, Allan
The gentle shepherd